

University of Mississippi eGrove

Broadside Ballads: England

Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads

August 2019

The Young Scamp

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Young Scamp" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1093.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1093

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

The Young Scamp.



My friends I'm a chap about town,
I'm up to all moves on the board,
Sometimes I've got plenty of tin,
And I think I'm as great as a lord;
I do everyone that I can,
Let the weather be wet, dry, or damp,
Wherever I go, the people they say
That I am an artful young scamp.

CHORUS :

If ever there was a young scamp,
I flatter myself I am he,
There is not a dodger from Brigham to Odger,
That can hold a candle to me.

At school as a leader of vice,
Tho' always so humble and meek,
But at the first chance of any reward
I was always informer and sneak.
By the bad example I set,
Other boys into mischief were led,
But I always managed to pocket the cash,
And get other boys wolloped instead.

To rise I went into the world,
To swindle the helpless and poor,
I always cheated them out of their cash,
When it came to a question of law.
As an alderman or an M.P.
My seat I take, then I invite
Discussion, and then my party I sel.,

And Gladstone will make me a knight.
My mansion I keep at the West,
'Tis all furnished on credit throughout
For I'm such a very pious young man,
That the tradesmen my credit won't doubt.

Some good-looking servants I keep,
And a number of children they've got,
But I make them swear it was somebody else,
And find fathers for all the whole lot.

At sixteen I went as a page,
To a blooming old lady so gay,
She let me do just as I liked,
Day and night with her I used to play,
One day I went off with her tin,
She began then to swear and to stamp,
She's in search for me all over the town,
But she cannot catch the young scamp

Now about the great Tichborne case,
They say that the trial is not fair,
Though I've heard people say that for £5 a day
They'll swear that he's not the right heir;
But still the case is going on—
They tell lies you know, great and small,
If they'd give me a little more tin, I declare,
I'd swear a hole through a brick wall.

Once a week a party I give,
Only young married women are there,
And then I propose a nice trip to Kew,
When everyone pays their fare.
Of course when the day it comes round,
They're waiting for me I declare,
You may lay your life while they quarrel and strife
I'm playing the trick off elsewhere.

I married a lady for cash,
And got it up all in due course,
And then got my servants to swear on my side,
And that's how I got a divorce,
Now every fine Sunday night,
In Whitechapel I take my stand,
And get lots of money by crying aloud,
"Drink is the pest of the land!"

I bought up an old rotten ship,
And filled it with boxes of earth,
And swore they were boxes of Indian silks,
And insured them for double their worth,
When out on the voyage it sank,
£4000 I cleared, don't you see,
But Plimsoll is trying to stop my game,
And damme, I think he'll succeed.